

Isleta is an Indian village
of about twelve hundred souls.
The inhabitants mostly belong
to the Isleta tribe with a few
Lapunas in one quarter. More of
these people speak the Spanish
language than the Isleta. There
is a large Mexican population
in the country all about us.
Two or three English speaking families
live about the depot. Charles
J. Lemmon is living here at
present, writing up Isleta folk
lore in the St. Nicholas & for
other periodicals. There is very
little English spoken, altho
we teach it only in the schools.

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Indeed very little of anything
is taught in my school, I feel,
altho' when night comes I am
more weary in both mind &
body, I am sure, than if I
were in a well regulated
school of many times its number.
Nearly every child large enough
to hug a baby has one on its
back, & these little brown
babies are just as restless
as white ones - & so very
little can be accomplished!
I attempt a sewing class in
the afternoon & you can im-
agine the result. Even the new
method of teaching sewing of
which you speak, I think
would prove a failure here.
It is among the poor & sick that

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Our work is done rather
than in the schoolroom
I think. Just now I have several
families whom I visit daily
with medicines, some of whom
are dreadfully poor. Today I
made a beef shank bone soup,
feeling sure that some of my
patients were more in need
of nourishment than pills.
I am alone for the present
but I am now feeling so
much at home with my
people that I am not in the
least fearful, & had I known
before coming here as I now
do about the work & people,
I should not have hesitated
to have undertaken it alone.

True it is better on ⁴so many
accounts to have an associate,
but the work is not hard as
the school is so small & I am
not timid. Miss Porter will
be back some time next
week - she is attending to
some legal business pertaining
to her father's estate. When
here she attends to the work
about the house & the class
room. I do not wish to complain
but really my school room is
quite uncomfortable &
cheerless. It is a long narrow
room about forty feet in
length, with but three half
windows in the north. Never
a ray of God's sunshine can
enter it although the

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adobe walls are thick. There is always a chill in it. The floor is the solid earth. One living apartment has four windows & is bright & sunny, but the dark, cellar-like schoolroom keeps me with a cold which I cannot get rid of.

Then follows a long, but interesting account of a Roman Catholic funeral & of the wretched churchyard which "has been used for hundreds of years as the last resting place of these Isletas & the same spot is dug over & over again, & as soon as a

6.
New grave is made, it
is leveled until there is no
semblance of a grave, & this
church yard is the common
dancing floor for this people."

Extracts from
a letter of
Mrs E. V. Craig
Sister

A. P. Jameson Esq.,
written Jan 18th
1892

to Miss J. R. Crosby
7 West 32nd St
N. Y. City